Page is an Aſſe, a foole, a ſecure Aſſe,
Ile ſooner truſt an Iriſhman with my
Aquauita bottle, Sir *Hu* our Parſon with my cheeſe,
A theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife
With her ſelfe: then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates,
And what ſhe thinks in her heart ſhe may effect,
Shee'l breake her heart but ſhe will effect it.
God be praiſed, God be praiſed for my iealouſie:
Well, Ile go preuent him, the time drawes on,
Better an houre too ſoone, then a minute too late,
Gods my life, cuckold, cuckold. *Exit Ford.*

Enter the Doctor and his man.

Doct. *Iohn Rugby*, go look met your eyes ore de ſtal,
And ſpie and you can ſee the Parſon.

Rug. Sir, I cannot tell whether he be there or no,
But I ſee a gteat many comming.

Doct. Bully moy, mon rapier *Iohn Rugby*, be-gar de
Herring be not ſo dead as I ſhall make him.

Enter Shallow, Page, Hoſt, and Slender.

Page. God ſaue you M. Doctor *Cayus*.

Shal. How do you Maſter Doctor?

Ho. God bleſſe thee my bully doctor, God bles thee.

Doct. Vat be all you, Van to tree come for a?

Hoſt. Bully to ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foine, to ſee thee trauerſe, to ſee thee heere, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſſe the punto: the ſtocke, the reuerſe, the diſtance, the montnce is a dead my francoyes? Is a dead my Ethiopian? Ha, what ſaies my galloñ? my Eſculapis? Is a dead bullies taile, is a dead?

Doct.